

THE ROOSEVELT BEARS ABROAD

By SEYMOUR EATON

Illustrated by R.K. CULVER



At Amsterdam they bade good-day
To the lads they met along the way.

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X—THE BEARS IN HOLLAND.

The following day at half-past two,
The Roosevelt Bears were at Waterloo,
Where with a guide they rode around
To view this famous battleground;
To see where great Napoleon stood
Against the world as best he could;
Where his famous Old Guard, true and brave,
Walked straight to death, the day to save;
And where at last the fight was won,
In the nick of time by Wellington,
With Prussians marching night and day,
To turn the battle England's way.
But TEDDY-G spoke up and said,
To the guide who told what he had read;
"You've told enough, for we don't care
For gory memories anywhere;
We're here for fun; we're off our track;
Touch up your horse and drive us back."

Next day these Bears from Uncle Sam
Met Dutchie Hans, of Amsterdam,
A little lad with dog and cart,
Driving a load of things to mart.
Said TEDDY-B to little Hans,
Whose cart was filled with milk in cans,
And baskets loaded tight and high,
With roots to boil and fish to fry,
"We'll go with you along the road
And help your dog to pull the load,
For Teddy Bears, you know, can haul,
And this dog of yours is very small."
But the boy spoke Dutch and his dog did, too,
And not an English word they knew.
"It's strange to me," said TEDDY-G,
"How a country lad so small as he
Can talk with ease, while yet so young,
At breakneck speed, a foreign tongue."
But TEDDY-B, the scholar bear,
Said, "Children born here anywhere,

Are all Dutch cut in speech and hair."
But Dutchie Hans's dog seemed glad,
As the Bears took hold to help the lad,
And off they jogged along the road,
Pulling and pushing the cart and load.

The Bears were now in the strangest land;
Canals and windmills on every hand;
Where dogs work hard from morn till night,
And women labor with all their might;
Where cows grow horns both round and flat,
And all the horses are strong and fat;
Where men in 'baggy trouserette,
Wear wooden shoes to keep out the wet;
Where boys are never known to run,
And ocean fogs shut out the sun;
Where city streets are big canals,
And boys are named either Hans or Hals;
Where flowers and birds crowd every tree,
From Amsterdam to Zuyder Zee.

They stopped meanwhile along the road,
To feed the dog and rest the load;
When TEDDY-G said he'd like to try
A windmill which they saw near by;
"And wind the old thing up," said he,
"To make it go like sixty-three."
So out they went with Dutchie Hans,
And up they climbed on the windmill's hands;
A bear on each and two hands free,
Going teeter-tater, see-saw-see,
Till all at once the wind it blew,



Said TEDDY-G, "Give me your load,
I'll carry it along the road."

And round and round the old thing flew,
Like sixty-three and ninety-eight,
So fast they couldn't count the gait.
The farmers crowded near the tower,
To see the windmill grind their flour,
With Teddy Bears going round and round,
So quick they couldn't see the ground.

At last the wind let up a bit,
And the Bears got off on the tower to sit.
Said, TEDDY-B, "Let's go below,



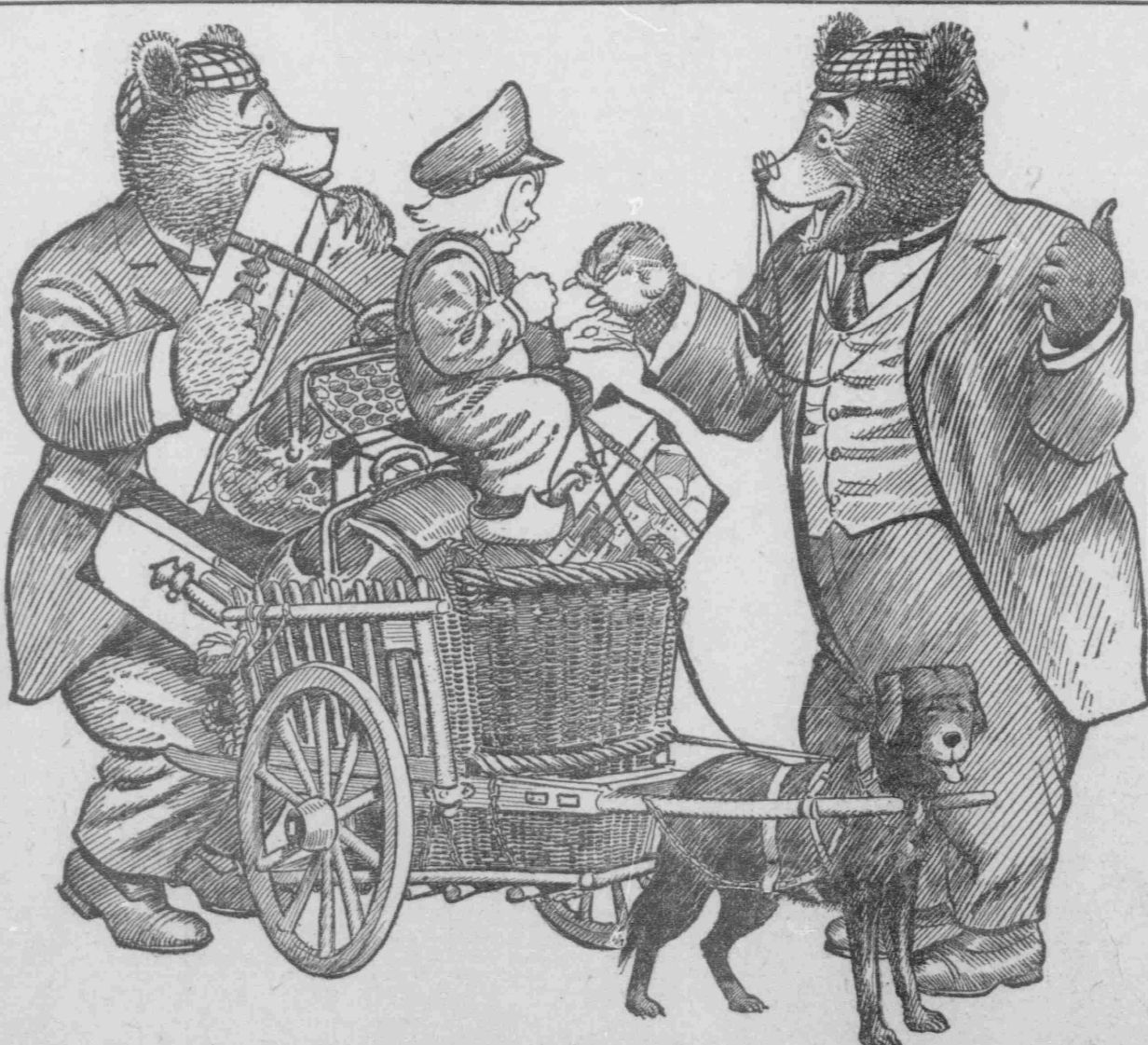
'Till all at once the wind it blew, and 'round and 'round the old thing flew,
Like sixty-three and ninety-eight, so fast they couldn't count the gait.

My head and feet are swimming so."
But TEDDY-G just laughed and said,
"The wheels have not yet reached my head;
That fun was great and the flour we ground,
Let's get it cooked and passed around."
The farmer's wife gave each a seat,
And brought out biscuits thick to eat,
And talked in Dutch in a pleasant way,
Of Roosevelt Bears and America.
The things she said, they supposed were true,
And they answered back as though they knew.

They talked to a lad, as on they went,
Whose feet were tired and whose back was bent,
Carrying a load; two baskets big,
Heaped full enough for horse and rig.
Said TEDDY-G, "Give me your load,
I'll carry it along the road;
I like to share both work and play
With boys and girls along the way."
The lad looked pleased, but the Dutch he spoke,
Came out in chunks big enough to choke,
"That talk's all right," said TEDDY-G,
"You come along this road with me."
And on they went; two boys; two bears;
One little dog; two loads of wares.

To Delft Haven town they went one day,
From which the Pilgrims sailed away,
To see the place and the records read,
Of the early strife and daring deed,
Of New England fathers brave and true,
Who founded freedom for me and you.
In the little church, the sexton told
Them stories of these patriots bold,
And showed them Bibles, which he said,
By the Pilgrims one and all were read,
The day they sailed, that little flock,
Before the *Speedwell* left the dock;
And how this old ship lost the race,
When the little *Mayflower* took its place.
At Amsterdam they bade good-day,
To the lads they met along the way,
And gave them each some cash to pay,
For lunch to eat, and games to play.
Then off they rambled round the town,
To study Dutch, and write it down.
They stopped to view on a public square,
A famous Rembrandt statue there,
And to read his life, and study art,
And rest their legs for another start.

(Continued next Sunday.)



Next day the bears from Uncle Sam met Dutchie Hans of Amsterdam,
A little lad with dog and cart driving a load of things to mart.